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Respect of
C. F. Adams

AN

ORATION

BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1872.

By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.



BOSTON:

ROCKWELL & CHURCHILL, CITY PRINTERS,

122 WASHINGTON STREET.

1872.



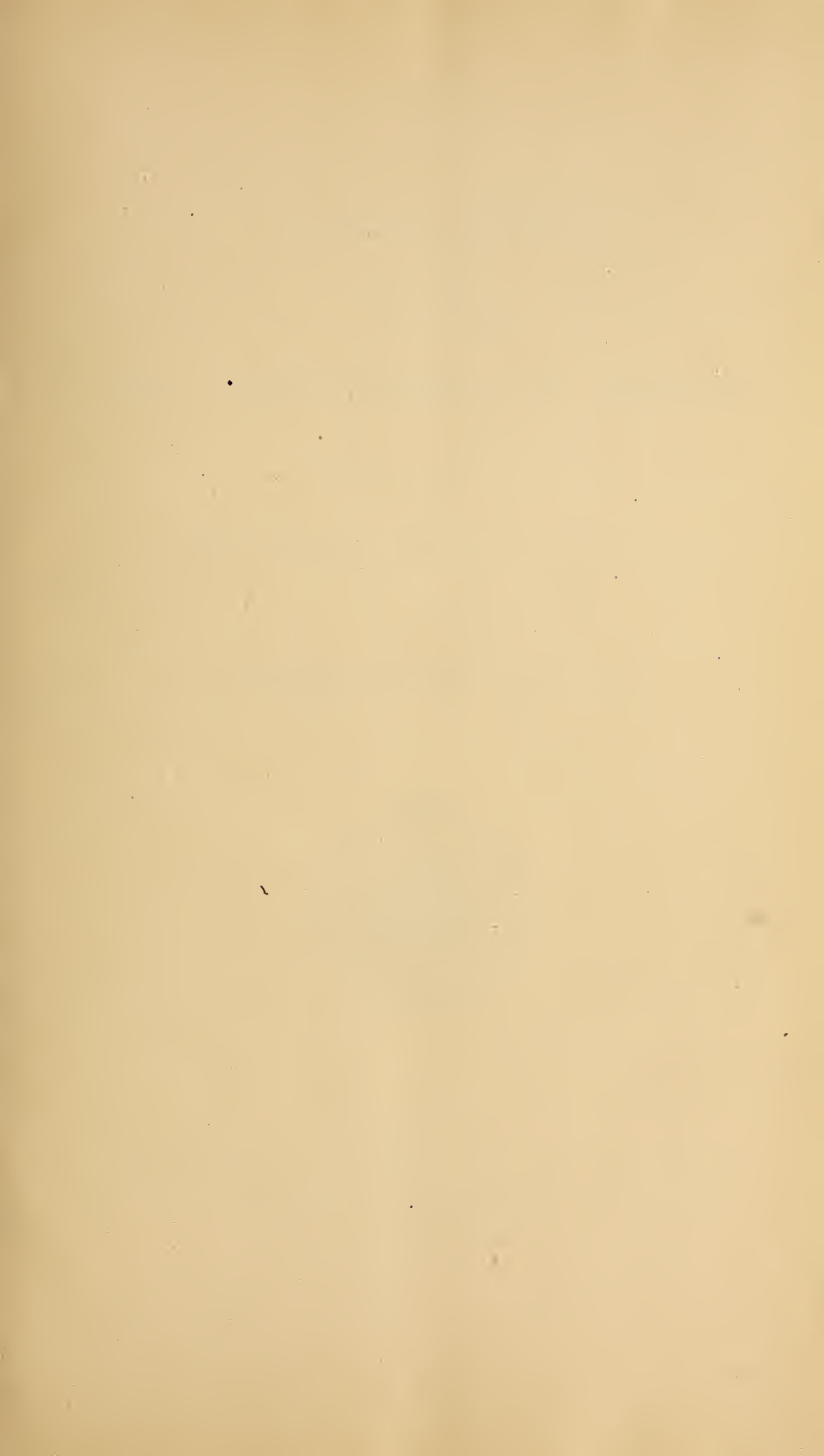


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CITY OF BOSTON.

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, July 8, 1872.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council are due, and they are hereby tendered, to CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., for his exceedingly eloquent and interesting oration delivered before the municipal authorities of this City on the fourth of July; and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Passed. Sent down for concurrence.

S. LITTLE, *Chairman*.

IN COMMON COUNCIL, July 11, 1872.

Concurred.

M. F. DICKINSON, JR., *President*.

Approved July 11, 1872.

WILLIAM GASTON, *Mayor*.

ORATION.



IN the neighboring graveyard, — within a stone's throw of the spot where we are gathered together, — rest the remains of five men whose violent death, more than a century ago, in what is still the chief commercial street of our city, stirred to its depths the heart of the country. No monument, the work of human hands, marks the common grave of the victims of what is still known as the Boston Massacre, but over it the elm trees spread their graceful branches, beneath whose protecting shade in the heart of the city they lie, unknown and unnoticed. With the memorable event of March 5th, 1770, through which the names of five rioters in an obscure provincial town became inseparably connected with one of the great epochs in history, originated the custom of this annual address before the authorities of the town and city of Boston. A year ago the first century was completed. Through your favor it has devolved upon me to celebrate the opening of the second.

Standing thus, as it were, upon the threshold of a

new cycle, memory cannot but revert to those who, in response to your summons, have addressed the citizens of Boston during the century which has now elapsed. The roll is indeed a distinguished one. In its record of honorable and familiar names is read the history of Massachusetts, — almost of America. Patriots all, — to-day they pass before us in solemn procession. As is meet and proper here in New England, — representing in his person that principle of free schools which hath ever been the rock of her salvation and the source of her prosperity, — Master James Lovell, then principal of the Boston Latin School, leads all the rest; — and, as if nothing should be wanting to make that first occasion typical of the time and of the race, both education and religion were inseparably associated with it, for the master of the Latin School spoke from the pulpit of the Old South Church.

After Master Lovell follow famous names, — I might almost say familiar faces. As regards the celebration of 1772, occurring second in order, and exactly one hundred years ago, Gov. Hutchinson has recorded in his history, that “Mr. Adams had been pressed to pronounce the oration upon this occasion, but declined it; and Dr. Warren, who afterwards lost his life at Bunker’s Hill, and whose popularity was increasing, undertook it. Though he gained no

great applause for his oratorical abilities, yet the fervour, which is the most essential part of such compositions, could not fail of its effect upon the minds of the great concourse of people present." Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren!—to use the words of Danton, "names tolerably well known in the history of the revolution." Stately John Hancock then passes before us, the ideal representative of a race of formal and polished gentry now wholly extinct. Thacher, Morton, Austin, Tudor and Minot succeed; once more we see and hear Harrison Gray Otis, that famous moderator whose silvery eloquence through so many years fascinated the town-meetings in Faneuil Hall; brave old Josiah Quincy again stands before us, instinct with his fiery nature, — municipal integrity personified; Channing, Savage, Dexter, Lyman, Loring, Gray, and Curtis; Sprague, Hillard and Holmes, all challenge attention; while scattered among the rest, appear Lemuel Shaw, whose ponderous sense and infinite learning shed so rich a lustre on the jurisprudence of the Commonwealth; John Gorham Palfrey, the faithful and erudite historian of New England; Charles Sumner, the deep glow of whose eloquence has burned his name into the history of emancipation and of his native land; Horace Mann, the martyr to an unselfish devotion in the great cause of education; and Edward Everett, the last ech-

oes of whose musical rhetoric seem yet to linger in the recesses of this hall, as if loth to die away from the scene of their magical triumphs.

One by one these my predecessors pass before you, each laying his gift upon the altar. Teachers, Generals, Senators, Governors of the Commonwealth, Presidents of the Continental Congress, and of the United States; merchants, scholars, physicians, divines, soldiers, and jurists; poets, historians, and statesmen, — the long roll-call of those who in turn have answered to your call is well calculated to fill your hearts with honest pride, as you thus enumerate the famous progeny of the ancient town. To me, however, their latest successor, they teach a lesson of modesty, — I might almost say of deep humility. Their presence speaks to me of my shortcomings, and causes me to feel how much more eloquent than any words or thoughts of mine is the memory of the silent voices of the past.

And yet it is no easy task to restrain the imagination, or to put a curb upon the fancy, as the mind reverts to that memorable panorama which has swept before the eyes of your century of orators. Who could fitly portray it? — The majestic organ notes of Webster can no more roll out in sonorous music in answer to your call; nor can the clarion voice and exquisite periods of Everett be sum-

moned to the task. They would have been equal to it. Others may, perhaps, shadow forth a feeble outline of the great picture; but where is the majestic sweep of the brush, and the warm sunset coloring, which alone reveal the hand of the master! Yet a precedent is not wanting. Ninety-seven years ago an orator, whose gorgeous language replete with philosophic thought has excited the mingled admiration and despair of three generations of the English-speaking race, lifted the veil from such a picture in all its consummate perfection of finish. He imagined a kindly angel, standing fourscore years before by the cradle of the aged Bathurst, and there opening to him the material wonders which were to pass before his eyes, ere yet he was to taste of death. Well might Burke, as he dropped the veil over his immortal picture, exclaim, that if this had then been foretold, would it not have required all the sanguine credulity of youth and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm to create belief in it! Yet how commonplace, how uninspiring, were the events which had transpired and the results which had been achieved during the life of Bathurst, compared with those which crowded in rapid sequence before the eyes of that venerable Samaritan, who passed away a few days since within our city, on the threshold of his hundredth year! Born while the memory of the Boston

massacre was fresh in the minds of the citizens, in the very year in which Warren, with the shadow of his coming death already upon him, poured forth before his fellow-colonists his expression of that love of liberty, which was so soon to hurry him, a Major General and yet a volunteer, to die on Bunker's Hill, — born before one drop of the blood of any armed man had yet been shed in the momentous struggle then so nearly impending, — what a century of thick-coming events and swiftest progress was destined to pass before his eyes, ere that infant was to taste of death! Our own revolution, the transplanting of the trees of liberty to Europe, the awful resurrection of France, the *cagmanoles*, the guillotine, the reign of terror, — until, at last, a maniac nation flung in the face of the banded monarchs of Europe the head of a King. Then Bonaparte passed before the eyes of a frightened world, and four continents trembled beneath the tread of his legions. When the guard broke at Waterloo, he who so recently died had just concluded his forty-third year; but he who saw the meteor of the Napoleons flash up in the bright blaze of Lodi was destined to see it smoulder away in the foul smoke of Sedan. The close of that life was to witness events even more portentous than its beginning; again his own country was to be racked by civil war, and, before

the century was complete, France was once more to be devastated, and the very pillars of civilization were to tremble under the terrible throes of a modern Enceladus.

And yet these were but the noisy outward incidents of a century, which, amid the ever-recurring din of arms, has contributed more than any other since the birth of recorded time to the sum of human possessions. Within its term of years a few patient, thoughtful men, — undisturbed amid the noisy ring of arms or the clatter of politicians' tongues, — taking no note of voluminous state papers, of treatises on the abstract functions of government, or of changes of dynasty and power, — within these years those silent men from within the quiet recesses of their shops and their laboratories have reorganized our world. Steam, the loom, electricity, the newspaper! — In presence of such controlling forces as these, how small and immaterial, — what very dust in the balance, — are the labored contrivances of statesmen: — not wars, nor revolutions, nor state craft, but a continued and successful application of science to every art or act of ordinary life, — whether of peace or of war, — must constitute the lasting claim of the century which has now elapsed to the grateful memory of those which are to come. One rub of that brightly

burning lamp, and the very vapor was compressed into a slave more docile and potent than he who obeyed the imagined behests of Aladdin;—a wave of the magician's wand, and the thunderbolt of Jove was turned into the post-boy of man;—a glance of that penetrating eye, and the very rocks revealed their secrets, while the sacred traditions which sixty centuries of faith had graven into the human mind became as the baseless fabric of a vision.

Nor is there any country in the whole family of nations which has proved so sensitive to the touch of this animating spirit as our own. It has been to us at once the source of all our greatness and of all our woes. It was Arkwright who, through one invention, inaugurated the reign of the Cotton King;—it was Stephenson and Fulton and Morse who, by others, enabled us to end it. Thus, turning sharply from a past so full of great results accomplished we find ourselves in presence of a future big with possibilities, but seething with revolution and instinct with a spirit of change. In that future two things only can we Americans regard as fixed. We are to remain one country, and that country is entering upon an era of material prosperity such as the utmost imaginings of other times have failed to picture. That we are destined to remain a united people, is a proposition which few would be disposed to deny, and which

it would not be profitable to discuss. This point was settled in the issue of the war of the rebellion, — by that dread ordeal of battle from whose decision there lies no appeal. That, as a people, we are now entering upon an era of material prosperity to which no history, even though that history be our own, affords a parallel, is apparent from a few considerations. A century ago, Edmund Burke, after depicting, as he only could depict, the progress already made by those whom he described as being, but a few years before, “a set of miserable outcasts, not so much sent as thrown out on the bleak and barren shore of a desolate wilderness three thousand miles from all civilized intercourse,” and who were still, even when he spoke, “a people, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood,” — even then, while measuring in his comprehensive mind the progress that infant people had already made, the great orator exclaimed in the House of Commons, “And pray, Sir, what is there in the world that is equal to it?” But what would Burke have said, — what language could even he have found to express the possibilities of the future, — could he in prophetic vision have advanced with that growing people of whom he spoke, and, standing where we now stand, have measured its material future by its past? — Could even he have gazed undazzled upon the glowing radiance of that still rising sun?

Three fixed conditions assure to us this material future of which the realities will beggar exaggeration. And, lest I may seem to be trenching on that excessive national glorification, which is the prescriptive privilege of this day, let me further add that to one only of these conditions can we, as a people, claim any peculiar credit to ourselves. These three conditions are, a soil of boundless richness, — in which is concealed a mineral and a vegetable wealth which many generations will be unable fully to develop, and which untold centuries cannot exhaust, — upon the more complete and rapid development of which a singularly intelligent, energetic and determined race is day by day bringing to bear those last and most perfect appliances of science of which our fathers did not dream, and in the use of which we as yet have acquired but the proficiency of novices. These premises are no less simple than undeniable, but these once conceded, — and from the conclusion there is no escape. The purely material development of the coming century will in its results as much excel the last, as did the last excel that which preceded it, which, also, in its time had called forth the wondering ejaculations of Burke.

This, however, is but one side of the picture, upon which I do not purpose now to dwell; it is the stimulating and the glowing side, but it carries with it a

reverse. There is no ordeal to which the nation, any more than the man, the aggregate any more than the individual, can be subjected, so trying, so crucial, as the sudden accumulation of wealth. The richest soils ever bring forth the most profuse of harvests, but it is amid their rank vegetation that the noxious herbs spring up, and the venomous reptiles lurk. As with Rome, so will it be with us, — the Seine will surely mix with our Hudson. Already have we tasted the impure waters of the modern Orontes, and as yet the sluice-gates are hardly lifted. We may rest assured that the trials of the future will be exactly proportioned to the advantages of the future, and our responsibilities will be measured only by our opportunities. Then, as now and heretofore, eternal vigilance will be the price of liberty, and to the nation no more than to the individual will it profit anything, though it gain the whole world, so it lose its own soul.

It is to this grave responsibility — a responsibility under which we now stagger to the verge oftentimes of falling, and which, nevertheless, is ever increasing upon us — that I seek to call your attention to-day. In the coming time a peculiar and unequal portion of this great burden is imposed upon us here and upon our Commonwealth, — a burden consciously assumed within the last ten years. You all know

how, in the inscrutable ways of Providence, two distinct seminal principles of a future civilization were planted on the silent shores of this continent. One fell at Plymouth, the other at Jamestown. You all know how in the slow progress of time, these seminal principles fructified and brought forth after their kind, and how the progeny of each, in obedience to primal scriptural command, went forth to multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it. It is not pleasant upon this day, nor is it necessary to now dilate upon the fundamental differences which from the first existed between the social and industrial organizations of these two great columns of advancing civilization. All now realize that those differences were of a nature which did not admit of a compromise, — which were as old as civilization itself, — and that, as the two columns converged, the irrepressible conflict between them could only result in the mastery of the one or of the other. It was from the beginning written in the book of fate that either the Plymouth theories or the Jamestown theories of society, of government, and of the rights and duties and dignity of man should wholly and exclusively predominate over this continent; — there was not room for both. The Titanic struggle between them was destined to culminate in the lifetime of our generation, and its terrible history and decisive result will

ever be fresh in our memory. These have been sufficiently dwelt upon here and elsewhere, and have received already their meed of eloquence. The weighty responsibility, the great load of duty which that decisive victory imposed upon those in whose hands thenceforth rested the destinies of a continent has hardly received its due consideration. For Massachusetts, however, this theme is one not lightly to be ignored. This ancient Commonwealth, more than any of her sisters, through the long stages of debate, unrest and unconscious preparation which preceded the conflict, typified one of the parties to it, and, true to the fundamental theories of her social existence, held up the banner with no faltering hands. The battle won, and the column victorious, there remained to her no escape from the future. She may prove unequal to the event, she cannot abdicate responsibility for it. At the bar of the most remote posterity, when other nations, with other customs and manners, shall people an America, then teeming with undreamed-of millions, — nations which will read of us and of our deeds in the full, strong light of long subsequent events, as we now read of the civil wars of Greece and Rome, — at the bar of that posterity Massachusetts must be prepared to answer for the use now to be made of the victory so recently achieved.

We are thus plunging into a future of which we are only sure that it is to be one of immeasurable possibilities for good and evil, and in which it is incumbent upon us to play a leader's part. Can the old Commonwealth be made to retain during the next century the position she has so firmly held against all comers during the last? — Numerically, be it remembered, her destiny is already decided. Long since distanced by her younger sisters, by her own offspring even, Massachusetts is doomed to pass further and further from the number of those communities which influence results through the enumerations of the census. Her future appeal must lie to intelligence and not to numbers, to reason and not to votes. With the Commonwealth standing thus on the verge of the great future, freighted to the water's edge with responsibility, shorn of numerical importance, it is for this generation in the immediate present to take final counsel as to the course in which her safety and her honor lie. Fortunately, that course is a direct and simple one, if we, her children, have but the will and virtue to pursue it. It lies in the intelligent appreciation of the few great principles of brotherhood, duty and faith, in which our Commonwealth was founded, and in a firm, persistent adherence to them. We, too, "must put our feet in the tracks of our forefathers, where we can neither wander nor stumble."

Nor is this rule of conduct — so trite, so commonplace — one easy to pursue. A fidelity, under the temptations of great success, to the simple traditions of youth has ever proved the most difficult trial of maturer life. Nor with us is the present free from doubt. The era of recent change has affected Massachusetts as it has affected few other communities; with the exception of her traditions, there is little within her limits, or in the way of life of her children, which is as it formerly was. What, indeed, was that Massachusetts of a hundred years ago which excited the glowing encomium of Burke, and of which we read and talk so much, and know so little? — The boundaries of the Commonwealth were the same then as now, but it was the home of another civilization. There is no need to laud the bygone days, or to bemoan the degeneracy of the present time; we have our virtues and our defects, and our fathers before us had theirs; but then and now the State is the aggregate of its citizens, and their modes of life must shape its history. To know the reason of its institutions, we must study that social existence which is the soil from whence they grew. To judge of their permanence, we must understand those fundamental social and industrial conditions which were essential to their origin, and without which they cannot long exist.

Therefore is it very incumbent upon us, if we would truly forecast the future, maturely to reflect upon the past as well as upon the present, that we may appreciate into whose hands is passing that ark of the covenant in which are garnered up the saving traditions of our race.

The Massachusetts of the Boston Massacre was a vigorous community of some two hundred and seventy thousand souls, or a poor twenty thousand more than are now numbered within the wards of this single municipality alone. Its people were a hardy, thrifty race, who tilled an ungrateful soil and navigated a stormy sea; self-educated, self-sustaining, self-reliant, they looked to no government for protection to themselves or to their industry, only too grateful if the harsh mother who had cast them forth upon the wilderness would abandon them to work out their own destiny in their own hard, simple way. They were not a pleasant race,—their stern life was a poor school for the development of gentle amenities; their existence had been one long, hard struggle with a rugged soil and scarce more rugged sea, until the biting east wind of the bleak New England shore seemed to have eaten into their souls, developing a stern, unsympathetic race; dogged, tenacious, unyielding and crabbed; overflowing with energy,

full of resource, and impregnated with a deep love of liberty. Not that their liberty verged upon license,—that indeed was most remote from their conceptions; theirs was a grave, well-ordered, simple Commonwealth, in which they themselves laid down the law, whether on their own hearth-stones or in their own town-halls. Theirs was the purest, truest democracy which the world as yet has seen; no doctrinaire, no theorist, no speculative framer of constitutions or professional philanthropist sprinkled with sentimentalities the cradle of that hardy, native brat;—but it was the gnarly offspring of the farm and of the fishing-smack, and, like all pure things of native growth, it well preserved the flavor of the soil. Their life was not a joyous one, nor was it the life of towns; there was no city within the limits of their State; their laws were simple, for their wants were few; their wealth lay in their lands and in their ships, and with them the richest were poor, and poorest lived in abundance. Such were the laborers in our early vineyard; they sowed and we have reaped; they labored, and we have entered into the fruits of their labors.

How is it with the Commonwealth to-day? I would not decry the present. Our days are better, than the days of our fathers; our lines have fallen in pleasanter places. I would not, if I could, reverse

the wheels of time, nor seek to make the sun of progress tarry in its course. I appreciate to the full the delights and advantages of this later day; its literature, its science, and its art; its improved taste, its increased wealth, its cities, its theatres, its galleries of pictured art, and its stores of richest thought. It is not unnatural that we, too, should love to dally 'mid the soft delights of our Capua. Nor can we of this generation well profess a fear lest the good moral fibre of our fathers has disappeared from their children. We, too, have seen a gallant nation spring to arms at the call of country, and, under a pure and sacred sense of duty, grasp sabre and musket, and bare its head in battle. Our children can never say that we were untrue to our traditions. And yet the old Commonwealth is gone! Where once two hundred and seventy thousand colonists tilled the soil and faced the sea, are now gathered together a million and a half of busy, bustling men, living in cities, working in factories, revelling in undreamed-of wealth, and struggling under harsh and hopeless poverty; a community becoming more and more sharply divided between those who have, and those who have not; the responsibility and knowledge of government disappearing year by year with the old town meetings; ignorance and vice keeping steady pace with the increase of poverty, while the old

ominous class-cries of other lands and darker days grow yearly more familiar to our unaccustomed ears. A century ago, seventy out of every hundred of the inhabitants of Massachusetts dwelt in communities numbering less than twenty-two hundred each, while but a single town in the province contained above five thousand souls. To-day — and this marks well the change — the majority dwell in communities of at least ten thousand each, while twenty-four cities and towns contain more than half of the inhabitants of the Commonwealth, one sixth of all of whom are citizens of Boston. Instead of the yeoman, sailor race, living in the open air and in close contact with nature, we have become a manufacturing community whose teeming population, crowded into heated shops or noisy mills, tends incessantly the busy loom, or feeds the hungry furnace. Whether we will or not, therefore, this grave problem is presented before us: — a system of government, the growth of one form of social and industrial being, is to be preserved in another and wholly different form; — the traditions of a scattered race of yeomen and fishermen are to be kept in vigorous life in an artisan community which is swarming to cities.

Herein, as I take it, lies for us the political significance of that labor question which is yearly assuming

such increased proportions. It is, in fact, the blind, unconscious effort of a new social and industrial organization to adapt to its needs the forms and traditions of another time. And yet, unless I greatly err, I think it will be found that the social and political organization which we inherited from our fathers depended for its successful working upon two essential principles, and upon two alone. These were a universal, practical, hard-headed education, not only in the knowledge taught in schools, but in that derived from an active contact with men and public affairs;—and next, and more important still, was the happy distribution of property, which gave to the vast majority of citizens that dignity of proprietorship, which is the strongest guaranty of social and political stability. These were, — these are the solid corner-stones of our edifice. While they rest undisturbed, the building cannot fall.

Of the first there is no need to speak. Massachusetts is fully and finally committed to the cause of universal, — if need be, of compulsory education. Popular opinion and public and private wealth are ever ready to respond when that cord is struck. It is but necessary to point out defects, — whether existing deficiencies or possible development not yet attained, — and already the work of reform is more than half accomplished. Whenever and wherever a

real need exists for common schools, or high schools or normal schools; for academies or universities; for truant schools or industrial schools or public libraries, we may rest assured that not in our generation at least will the Commonwealth long be wanting to its record. More in this respect she cannot do. The grand old practical college of the public life is vanishing with the memory of town-meeting days. The active contact with nature and with men, that teaching which no course of lectures nor instruction from a normal school can at all replace, is inconsistent with the present modes of life. These grave deficiencies neither legislation nor public spirit can again make good. It remains for us to supply their place as best we may through that poor machinery of our schools, which we can yet control; — nor, if this is done, need we fear the grand result. A people trained in youth to the quick reception of new ideas may wander greatly from its path, but is never wholly lost.

When we pass on, however, to that other essential element to all real social or political stability, which is found only in the general contentment of the great mass of those for whose well-being all government exists, our horizon is not wholly free from clouds. They hang, indeed, lightly over the present, but it is the haze of to-day which betokens the storm of to-

morrow. The rapid increase of manufacturing prosperity has hitherto implied the no less rapid increase of operative want, and a Commonwealth founded on manufactures is as yet a house built on the sand. It thus becomes a necessity of our continued existence that the sense of proprietorship, the dignity of ownership, — that only immovable basis of free institutions, — should somehow or in some way be widely disseminated through all classes in our State. This, however, can spring only from a consciousness in the great mass of the people that they individually have an interest in the vested accumulations of the whole. Our future Commonwealth is not to be governed by those who have a stake in the soil, and it is therefore incumbent upon us to extend the saving dignity which encompasses the land-owner to the operative as well, — it must belong to him who tends the loom no less than to him who follows the plough. Our Commonwealth can only be governed by all of her children, absolutely equal before her law, and, that they may govern well, all should give their hostages to fortune.

This is our latest problem. A new social system demands of us nothing less than an industrial reorganization, lest it result in a political decay. The lines of division in our community must not become horizontal; but, to prevent their becoming so, it is nec-

essary that labor and capital should be partners, that they may not be enemies; or, that failing, it is necessary that the laborers should own their own capital, and not the capitalists, labor. This much was settled in the war of the rebellion. It is not given us yet to see how this great result is to come about, but we can rest assured that it will not come about through any bombardment of rhetorical epigrams, nor yet through the noisy resolutions of strikes; it will not come to us through political action, nor yet through the passage of multitudinous laws intended to regulate the hours of human toil, or the value of human labor, or the demand for wealth; all these are but the barren product of that spirit of political tampering which has been described as the odious vice of restless and unstable minds. Not our generation, nor many succeeding ones, will see the millennium created by an act of Legislature, and ushered into being by the club of a constable. Far otherwise; the industrial and social reorganization essential to our future, like all far-reaching social movements, can only result from the combined and quiet action of an intelligent and determined people, attending in their own way to their daily work, and coldly disregarding all short cuts and royal roads to their promised land. It must be the result of the deep ground-swell of a steady purpose,

and will never originate in the frothy eddies of an idle rhetoric. Germany has already taught us one lesson; England is teaching us another. Both lessons come to us as the still, small voice of reason and hope, making itself heard amid the noisy and profitless tumult of passion. In those countries, a few among the owners of labor have at last learned to co-operate, as well as to combine. Are, then, the laborers of Germany and of Great Britain, — those whom we so constantly refer to in our vile political jargon as “the pauper labor of Europe,” — are they more intelligent or determined than those of Massachusetts? — Few at least, here, would care to maintain it. Are they better endowed with means with which to further their experiments? — I cannot say; but with one hundred and sixty millions of wealth hoarded in the savings-banks of the Commonwealth, our people should have a sufficiency of capital. Yet the intelligent, self-reliant, determined children of Massachusetts hang backward in this great work, while others, in less fortunate lands, press to the front. Nevertheless, the work will yet be accomplished, and what the savings-bank now is to the laboring class of Massachusetts, that and much more will the mill and the workshop be in the future. Here, and here alone, lies the solution of the problem, — therein is the ark of salvation.

An immutable law, wiser than any recorded upon human statute book, has decreed that every people may, in course of time, regulate its own destiny. No human power external to themselves can assist them greatly, and none can permanently retard them. To each community there ultimately comes, through government or notwithstanding government, such an industrial and social system as they themselves shall make. The future of Massachusetts rests in the hands of the mass of her citizens, who now crowd together in towns, as their fathers lived apart in the country. It is for them to decide, for her and for themselves, whether they will hereafter be dependents at the doors of corporations, and suppliants at the bar of the Legislature, or whether they will stand up in the honest dignity of independent manhood, and emancipate themselves. Capital is selfish and hard; indeed, if it ceased to be so, it would not long exist; it does not deal in sentiment; by the law of its being, against which it is childish to declaim, it buys where it can buy for least, and sells where it can sell for most; skill and muscle are but one portion of its raw material, as coal and cotton are another. It can be effectively approached in one way, and in only one. To deal successfully with it, labor has yet to prove one essential, vital postulate,—it must demonstrate


that labor is more profitable to capital as a partner, than as an employee. In these few words rest the whole issue of this great debate; but this it can never do, till it tries and fails, and fails and tries again, for nothing here will succeed but success. One great, co-operative triumph, the result of its own unassisted capital and its own directing brain, would thus outweigh to the labor of Massachusetts the results of a thousand successful strikes. At once a new Declaration of Independence, and another Bunker's Hill, through its stimulating impulse the self-reliant energy still native to the soil would again assert itself, and would go forth, refreshed and invigorated by its moral victory, to the encounter with those other trials which the future has in store.

Still great changes are not easily or quickly wrought, nor is the period of transition apt to be a pleasant one. May we not, however, firmly trust, that the groans and contortions of the present are but the agony of travail? Truth is ever born out of error, and success most surely follows the patient study of failure. That in the future, the children of Massachusetts will no more be wanting to themselves than they have proved to be in the past, we have as yet small ground to fear. With the burden comes the strength; the hour will find the man.

When the time is ripe, unless the record of the past is to serve as a sad reproach to the future, more than one of her sons will rise up in Massachusetts, — a prophet in our Israel, — even as Horace Mann rose up a third of a century ago. The harvest was ready, and lo! — the reaper was there. The work that Mann did for education, these others will do for industry; they will reorganize it and infuse into its veins the rich blood of a better life; they will cause the workman on his bench to feel that he also has a property in his tools and in the workshop, the home of his labors; that he, too, owns a part of what results from his toil. By so doing, they will restore to labor its independence and its dignity; to the laborer, the great attributes of his republican manhood; to the State, the essentials of a continued stability.

An intelligent people, all equal before the law, and laboring together in a community of interest, might throw a light defiance in the face of change. The forces of evil, though they include even civil corruption, could not prevail against it. True to its early traditions, its early traditions would guide it in safety through the dark night of storm and disaster. And should Massachusetts now sustain herself and prove equal to the great occasion, when another century of orators shall have responded to your

call, my remote successor, after dwelling in purer accents upon the wonders which it shall have been the happy destiny of the coming generations to unfold, may turn to his distant present, and there behold our ancient Commonwealth still retaining her place at the head of that proud column whose animating spirit went forth from her shores, and which he also in truth and in soberness may see as "a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam."



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